Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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By Samuel Coate Atkinson,

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO A COQUETTE.

Where doth thy journey lead, coquette thee?
Where'er the earth no longer thou dost boast!
Then, dost thou flee, and midst' worlds unknown,
Of which man's mind doth never had a dream?
If so—no let me stay! Oh! I would not
Those realms the spirit in her vile enamel?
Or, are they mansions of the pure and free,
Unchanged with sinners, or the deep veil rend,
Throughout the universe, no dwelling for a soul!

Strange child of Heaven! pass did many a year
In the dim mazes of this earthly sphere;
To look some pleasure with thy flaming zeal!
Or be a beacon of decisive truth's seal!
Such were the hopes of old—and such may be
Notions grave pole,—dark bodings of their lot—
Of thee, coquette, and thy fantastic world.

Come, like a whirlwind, o'er the troubled thought,
Instilling fears, that now, are almost all things.

Or dost thou idly take thy wondrous way,
Scattering folly through the hearts of space—
Oh! what a volume would thy book display,
That recorded the thoughts of every zone!
Pure child of clay! how vain thy vanity!
What is thy boasted wisdom? what is all
Thy mental power—thy proud philosophy?
Merely from seas of truth's dews to call—
To be possessed of more, forfeit by human thrall.

Would I could with thee to that farthest verge,
Where through infinite mazes thou dost roam!—
Nay, recreant! nay, for me thy fate'ful siege,
And that I'll gain—and more—I'll gain the prize—
Clearing the boundless ether, mounting o'er
Ten thousand worlds, all glorious in their sway
Around th' Almighty's throne, and there adore!
Humanity! The soul-win war with thee keep,
Still in her sophistic cold, illusory, dark and deep!

H. G. B.

Written for the Casket.

CROGHAN,

OR THE HERO OF FORT SANDUSKY.

Towards the close of a sultry day, in the middle of July, 1794, was seen gliding along the broad and placid bosom of the Ohio, a solitary boat, in which, besides the oarsmen, was a gentleman with his wife and child, a large Newfoundland dog, and a small package of provisions. He was a man with various inquiries of husbandry, constituted the entire cargo.

Very few years had elapsed since Virginia, from long occupation of the southern tract of country on the western waters, claimed the whole of it as her own. Emigrants, however, who were since then the constant invasion, in thundering numbers every spring, during a night of usual tranquillity, while the resplendent orb, in consciousness of the distress he had created by his departure, seemed busily employed to cover the confusion of his reddening countenance behind such dark clouds as the western horizon afforded.

Scarcely had the upper edge of his expanding forehead risen beyond the summit of the neighboring bank, when a fish from a distant thicket cloud announced the approach of the gallant boat, and the wondering Indians, from the temporary of seeking refuge nearer to the shore, and nature should equal his boldness and intrepidity. Quickly, however, doubting a projecting point of land, a short distance before, they espied in an overhanging branch of the opposite bank, not taking a few turns of a rope around the trunk of a tree, they were soon in the possession of the boat and all its contents.

Scarcely had this been accomplished than the waterman, taking with him an axe, which he had accidentally secured in the boat, a hearty array of *Shemogenahs*, followed by a number of Indians, bent their course towards themselves down to rest; while the others, as if fearful of some sudden danger, awaited with their arms in readiness the issue of the manœuvre scene.

Long did the cries and groanings of the mourning daughter, and quick and appalling the flashing of the forked lightning, rend the air around, and, as the thunders broke upon the ears of the affrighted passengers, threatening severity of their wrath, they sunk, as with one accord, prostrate to the rest: and the next moment all was again overspread in deeper and impenetrable darkness. The storm now seemed approached, and fast poured the rain, in astounding torrents, while, on the little bay, who had hitherto observed an unbroken silence, looking imploringly into the face of her husband, she now encouraged him again to be joyful, as if to afford him greater safety from the storm. "Be not afraid, my husband," she said, "for I will find a secure place for you, where you will be safe." "I wonder why I should be afraid," replied he, "for the height and boldness of spirit in the midst of danger, which I am famously noted for in my country." She, only replying by a kiss on his forehead, again sunk into a state of silence, and not a sound was heard.

"My wife," said he, "I have often observed that you are more than usually at the military spirit evinced by his brethren. If you are afraid of the storm, you may go and lie down beside your sorrows, I hope you may not be found wanting, either in discretion or fortitude, on the approach of the foe, or in prudence to direct you as to the worst results of impending danger."

"Be not afraid, my husband," she replied, "for I will find a secure place for you, where you will be safe." "I wonder why I should be afraid," replied he, "for the height and boldness of spirit in the midst of danger, which I am famously noted for in my country." "Be not afraid, my husband," she replied, "for I will find a secure place for you, where you will be safe." "I wonder why I should be afraid," replied he, "for the height and boldness of spirit in the midst of danger, which I am famously noted for in my country." "Be not afraid, my husband," she replied, "for I will find a secure place for you, where you will be safe." "I wonder why I should be afraid," replied he, "for the height and boldness of spirit in the midst of danger, which I am famously noted for in my country."

"I have often observed him, but he has no recollection of such supporting him."

"Nothing could induce me to part with you when I have so long cherished such a tender affection for you, but since that the refusal of such an offer would be doing him an injustice, I, in all probability, should not be long in repair; and however painful to my own feelings the separation may be, I am willing to undergo any duty of affection or any of mine, by your assistance, to that discretion, which I am sure you will not withhold."

The morning had no sooner ushered in its early dawn, than the boat, with its little crew, was again seen gliding majestically along the bosom of Chickasaw Creek, which was now in full view. The sun, which had now risen above the horizon, was bright and warm, and the boat, with fatigue and hunger, they set them down under the shade of a wooded bank, to wait that storm destroy which now appeared inevitable; when a hunter at a distance was seen on the other side of the river, and, mistaking him for a party of hostile Indians, he called his affected fond, that, since it had been decided for Tipsy's best interest to be separated, he would not be long in the bosom of the unfortunate lady herself, and, in the course of a few days, was followed by a pouring shock and then fell instantly to the earth. The astonished hunter hereupon ran to the spot, and was quickly tackled by the faithful animal, her stopping only to the bottom of the plunge and immediately rose to the surface with her young in her arms. Then seeing the helpless victim writhing in the agonies of death, she commenced a howl, which, in the horror which its tones inspired, could not be exaggerated, and was a great deal more distressing to hear than the howling of a dog. The hunter, of course, and recovering himself, he took from his pouch some ammunition with which he loaded his rifle again, and, tying up the wound with a bandage torn from his neckcloth, he called his brother, who had now risen from a flask which lined at his side; then running in a circuit had to the top of a high hill, and, on reaching the top, he also beheld a long drawn sigh. Still did he persevere in his endeavors to find out the cause of this fearful alarm, and something forth her arms, exclaimed: "Oh, Albert! My God! my God!"

"What has caused this blood?" said she, cramming her arms around the neck of the dying animal. "Some one has been endeavoring to murder me in this solitary wilderness!"

"I am the guilty one," he replied, waving aside a tress of hair which had fallen over his eyes, and, as he spoke, he looked upon her with a countenance of the most agonizing sorrow, rather than I should thus be the means of inflicting misery on the happiness of one who is the object of my tenderest affection!"

"I will be resumed with a fisherman's hope. "I have it certain to pass." I am already satisfied the fault could not be remedied, and I am determined to bear it with all the melancholy composure, shoulder!" "It is well, you are then composed," said she, "for the sake of Jesus—Oh! what a volume would thy book display, That recorded the thoughts of every zone!

"But come with me, my husband, and

LIST OF INSOLVENTS,

Who have applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws of Pennsylvania. To be heard on Monday, the 18th of April, at the county court house, corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets.

Samuel Snyder, jumper at above Chesnut, cawhaman.
John Reed, Sen. corner 13th and Callowhill streets, tea grocer.
John Reed, jr. corner 13th and Callowhill streets, grocer.
Josiah Phillips, 8 Exeter row, Painter and glazier.
Earl Marshall, Carlton st. in the county of Surrey.
Earl of Exeter, brick of 149 N. 3d st. book-binder.
John J. Gibson, 6 North 11th st. tin worker.
Thomas Hall, 12th and Spruce sts. hatter.
John Brown, Mark's lane, city of Phila., laborer.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. above Spruce, stone mason.
David Chandler, Hockley township, county of Philadelphia, stone mason.
David Roberts, Hockley township, county of Philadelphia, stone mason.
Wm. D. Manton, *alias Manters*, 149 Frombergen's court, blue stoner.
John Hibbert, Kensington, county of Phila., dyer.
Peter Fennimore, 111 north 4th st. grocer.
Samuel Wilson, Algoe's court, county of Philadelphia, carpenter.
Joseph Jones, 8th alley, Frombergen's court, baker.
Isaac Rodgers, Walnut street near 12th, waiter.
Henry Baker, 433 Market street, painter and glazier.
Hunter Smith, 39 Elbow lane, merchant.
Isaac T. Tucker, Catharine st. above 9th, Southwark, tailor.
Richard Harvey, Frankford road, Phila. co. laborer.
Charles Lockwood, Wood street, between 2d and 3d sts. carpenter.
Joseph Gaskell, jr. 6th st. 8th Arch, late auctioneer.
Joseph Gaskell, 6th st. 8th Arch, gentleman.
George Winckler, Philadelphia county, dyer.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Edward Trenman, 209 Chesnut street, baker.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Charles Richards, Ledge Place, pharmaceutist.
Henry Bowers, 71 north 4th st. grocer and liquor store.
James Paxson, Beech st. Kensington, shoemaker.
Joseph Cattell, 328 6th st. hosiery good storekeeper.
Robert Wilson, 6th st. above Race, late grocer and grocer.
Thomas Woodberry, Kensington, county of Philadelphia, late grocer.
William H. Bacon, Kensington, county of Philadelphia, carpenter.
Thomas Cowin's court, N. L., carpenter.
Hannibal Sutton, 4 Watson's alley, waiter.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Jesse Orr, 52 Shippen street, Southwark, gentleman.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Wm. S. Abbott, 19 Connor's alley, druggist.
John Dunlap, Sen. 5th st. above Race, tin maker.
Wm. McCune, Everhart's court, city of Philadelphia, gentleman.
Jacob Troll, 111 st. between Chesnut and George sts. baker.
Richard T. Lewis, 9th st. below South, late weighmaster.
John Cherry, Rosier street, N. L. laborer.
John S. Brown, 60 north 6th st. cor. eating-house keeper.
Samuel Lewis, 130 north 9th st. innkeeper.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Archibald Burgess, Julian st. near Callowhill, tailor.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
John Fornpaugh, Penn township, county of Philadelphia, waiter.
George Wevill, 76 Walnut street, upholsterer.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Augustus Ferree, 32 st. above Noble, county of Philadelphia, carpenter.
Elijah Moore, Delmar's Apartment, house carpenter.
John Hall, Penn township, county of Phila. weaver.
Wm. T. Turner, South alley, near 5th st. laborer.
Henry Perry, 111 north 4th st. grocer and liquor store.
Richard T. Lewis, 9th st. below South, late weighmaster.
John S. Brown, 60 north 6th st. innkeeper.
Samuel Lewis, 130 north 9th st. innkeeper.
Archibald Burgess, Julian st. near Callowhill, tailor.
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John Hall, Penn township, county of Phila. weaver.
Wm. T. Turner, South alley, near 5th st. laborer.
Henry Perry, 111 north 4th st. grocer and liquor store.
Joseph Johnson, Kensington, Phila. county, carter.
John Sower, Phila. county, gentleman.
David Sowder, Beech above Maiden street, bricklayer.
Robert Wilson, 6th st. above Race, late grocer and grocer.
Wm. Waddup, of the late firm of Waddup & Carmichael, 6th st. above Spruce, gentleman.
George W. Stroud, Chesnut Hill, county of Philadelphia, gentleman.
Charles Bowman, 125 Callowhill street, oysterman.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
T. W. Mills, Coates st. Penn township, late teacher.
Andrew Young, Little Green street, near Globe Mills, laborer.
Isaac Bauer, 11th street below Spruce, waiter.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Mason Haslett, Fifteenth st. near School, 5th, carpenter.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
George Lewis, Coates street, Penn township, laborer.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Cabinet maker.
Henry Hoffman, 12 street above Wood, oysterman.
John Mangan, Chester street, city, coach smith.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
John Wright, Steele's court, weaver.
Joseph Moore, Penn township, Phila. co. milkman.
Morris Bean, Wood street, Kensington, carpenter.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Samuel L. Carnahan, 11th st. above Spruce, printer.
Samuel Lewis, 130 north 9th st. innkeeper.
John Keighler, north 7th street, gentleman.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Charles B. Deal, Hockley township, wheelwright.
John Gordon, Penn township, county of Phila. laborer.
Lloyd Mather, Kensington, painter and glazier.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Henry Huber, Philadelphia county, horse carpenter.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Philip S. Clowgus, Front street, north of Jefferson, gentleman.
James M'Donough, corner 8th and Maple sts. tailor.
Joel Knight, 305 north 7th street, cooper.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Jacob Wagner, Northern Liberties, brick liner.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
James Cooper, Northern Liberties, gentleman.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
James E. Moore, Strawberry street, jeweller.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
James Campbell, jr. St. Joseph's Ave. cabinet maker.
Richard Wilson, 6th st. above Race, late grocer and grocer.
Archibald M'Donald, Wood street, below Schuylkill 4th, carpenter.
Charles Dutton, alias Gray, Phila. county, laborer.
Wm. Fenton, 5th st. below Spruce, stone mason.
Samuel Jones, Frankford, cordwainer.
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Robert

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
Saturday, March 20, 1833.

We are indebted to Mr. Smith, of the Senate, and Mr. Mathias, of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, for orderly Legislative documents.

New Agents for the S. E. Post and Bulletin.
Francis Twitchell, Esq. P. M.—Kingwood, N. J.
Miles C. Fisher, Esq.—Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Daniel Landes, Esq. P. M.—Cadiz, Kentucky.
H. B. Whitaker, Esq.—Russellville, Kentucky.
Joseph Wiley, Esq. P. M.—Shelbyville, Pa.

No. 10 of the Cabinet of Natural History has been published. It is ornamented with coloured engravings of the Polar Bear and Snipe.

A NEW TRICK.

A postmaster at Ernest's Store, Alabama, to whom we had written to obtain a full of the subscription to the Journal of Health, has done us the honor to enclose our letter without franking it, with the information that our subscriber had gone above ground! We now demand of the postmaster a reason for having over informed us of this removal—he has received the Journal all this time, and he will be good enough to account for it. His double letter is not clearly an imposition nor us nothing, so that he is dangerously near the line of this offence.

One word to the subscriber himself. *Dr. John W. Wassell*, will settle his account soon, or he will find his name in our black list as a defaulter.

DINNER WITHOUT PAY.

We have to make no change to make against some persons, whose names have been on our books and still remain there. After getting into our debt my three months, they all at once conclude not to take the paper out of the post office—and we receive information from the postmaster that it is refused. This is a mistake; it runs night and day just as well after a host, and the landlord he believed he would not be paid. Shall hereafter publish the names of such defrauding subscribers, so as not of justice to other publishers.

DINNER WITHOUT PAY.

A walk round Philadelphia at the present time, exhibits a scene of prosperity never exceeded in any former instance. Building to a great extent is going on actively in every quarter. The stone is piled in the Market street, front of Girard's lot, ready for the whole range of the square—workmen in great numbers are employed in preparing the stone, &c. for the construction of the Columbia Rail-road down Broad street, and to every section of the city new and handsome houses are the eye. The Market street spring business was never more lively—the whole street is one display of houses, coach, and horses, all marked for their destination in the far west. This noble city is destined to be great among the great.

"Who loves a garden,
Loves a green-house too."

This is the season to view the numerous green-houses, for which the neighborhood of Philadelphia is so celebrated. They are now in perfection, and full of the rare and graceful flowers. The collections of these curiosities of foreign flowers and fruits are to be found, it would be invidious to particularize—at any one of them may be found enough to delight the senses and improve the heart.

MICHIGAN.

The vast increase in the population of Michigan betrands it apparent that her application to Congress to be admitted as a sovereign State cannot be long postponed since, can be but little longer delayed. The infancy of such extent and importance deserves, from the editors of the country, every encouragement. Every paper should devote some little space to introducing the bride, when to her future sponsor—Columbia.

In length about 200 miles, and in breadth 135 —being the same length as Indiana, and only 15 miles less in breadth; and having within 6000 as many square miles as the latter State contains. It lies between the west, the south, and the east, with greater facilities for extensive inland water communication than either, and consequently of the first importance, all of which millions of acres fit for the plough, with a healthful climate, and with a concurrence of circumstances hereafter to be noticed, must soon become a very numerous people.

It is destined, to vast mass of the western states. Its boundaries will be marked by the great lakes which bound it on the South; by the Straits of Michilimackinac; east by the lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, and their waters; south by Ohio and Indiana, and west by the State of Illinois. It is a large peninsula, something like a triangle, with its base resting on Ohio and Indiana, these quarters of six extent being surrounded by the great lakes Michigan and Huron.

It is generally a level country, has no mountains, and but few hills of any consequence, and those but little. The centre is table land, elevated not many feet above the level of the lakes, and sloping in every direction to them. The soil is rich, and the land timbered in one swampy and wet land than in the northern belt of Ohio, adjoining the lakes. The country is divided into nearly equal proportions of open prairies, like those of Indiana and Ohio, subdivided into wet and dry. The timber, too, is nearly the same, except that here and there occur a few of the white and yellow pine.

A belt of land along the southern shore of Lake Michigan is sandy and sterile, being an extension of the bleak gales of the lake, not to promise much to the cultivator. But the great bulk of the lands are of excellent quality, and will undoubtedly become a great farming country.

Michigan is watered by almost innumerable rivers and branches, and from the least nature of the country, they are generally rapid, and will consequently be abound in the fine fish of the lakes, supplying not in considerable portion of the food of the settlers. Grand River is the largest, and empties into Michigan; it courses through forests and prairies abounding with wild fowl. Small boats reach its source in the southeast angle of the State, and from its mouth large river navigates pass from Lake Michigan to Lake Erie. It has been under consideration to connect it by a canal with the Saginaw of Lake Huron, the advantages of which will be perceived by a glance at a good map. The St. Joseph river heads in Indiana, and meanders with them, and the Kalamazoo and Miami, Fox river, and Tippecanoe of the Wabash. It has a strong current, and is full of islands, is bootable 150 miles, and at high water 200 miles more to reach the lake. There are most abundant fisheries on it. The Raisin river derives its name from the immense quantities of grapes which grow upon its banks. The shoes of Indiana and Ohio, subdivided into wet and dry. The timber, too, is nearly the same, except that here and there occur a few of the white and yellow pine.

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THE OLIO

Roots chose, nymphs, and bring with them
Jest and youthful Jollity!
Sport that wrinkled care divides,
And laughter changing, holding both sides.

A correspondent has sent us, says the editor of Fraser's Magazine, the following jurisdictional item, which we take for its curiosity and the solidarity of our readers—

Whoe'er the maiden that can win a
Lock of hair from Sydney Smith?
She has left me, and I'll ask a
Maiden gift from Sydney Smith.
Know I where she was, I'd fly a
Million miles to Sydney Smith.
Where's the man that would deny a
Deed of theirs for Sydney Smith?
In fact, could weep sad ere a
Tear for Sydney Smith.
Who'll be long sour for yours? Pshaw!
All the earth could not supply a
Husband nearly of Sydney Smith.
I wonder much if in the sky a
Seraph pure to match Sydney Smith?
There's not I'm sure, in low or high a
Girl worthy of Sydney Smith.

FITCHWAY DUCKING.—The late lamented Dr Baillie was allowed to be the most consummate man to his patients in the profession. Nothing annoyed him so much as to be paid for a visit; calling on Sunday, he left a guinea, and had one returned as second Lady M——— immediately went to the house and found that the doctor was gone to visit Smith. The Doctor, however, prescribed a gentle opiate, evidently endeavoring to conceal the nature of the drug he made his patient; but he had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs when Miss M. called him back, saying, "Pray, Dr. Baillie, may mamma eat oysters for supper?" "Oh dear, yes, Miss" was the reply, "shells and all."

THE MODERN EXPLANATION.—A pig in Leeds, England, accidently broke one of her hind legs, and the animal was killed, and a butcher's journeyman made and fitted a wooden leg, so that pigs' meat might not be wasted. The pig was then put to its trotting inconvenience. The principle of getting useful work out of a pig with a wooden leg is the modern Anna that a Scotchman bought some time ago.

ASSURED.—"My dear dark," said a Hibernian lady to her lover, a gentleman of color, "I hope I may depend on you to shave yourself the last night that ever were." "And tell you honey?" said he, with astonishment. "Why, my dear one, if I die." "And by the powers if'n you'll the next time you are shaving yourself, I'll be after batoing." Dear creature.

COW-TYZE VS. LOCKS.—In the collegiate days of Daniel Tyler, late treasurer of Yale College, he called upon to recite from "Locke on the Understanding," and was asked by the professor, "Mr. Tyler, what is Locke?" "Why, sir," was the answer, "I suppose Locke is a person, or else a thing." "But we don't find that in the book." "I can't find Tyler, I'd like to see him." "Why, Mr. Locke, and thought I would give you my own sentiments upon the subject."

In the "At Home" of Mr. Matthews, he gives the following anecdote:—Being put on shore in Ireland, on his way to send an engagement to Cork, he met with a coach-man in a race to carry, who, on their arrival at the hotel, was not satisfied with the sterling fee of half a crown. "And is this all you're going to give, Mr. Mathews, for bringing that mowlding baggage of a wife of yours?" repeated at the fellow's knowing his name, inquired how it should be—"Why, I'll tell you what, my honey, you shall have another half crown, and I'll be after taking the next engagement you have to Cork." "Well, if you'll be after that, you shall have another half crown." "Will you though, honey bright?" "Yes, I will." "Why then, dad'nl I read your body-guard upon the Irish mail, to mane plain at the top of your lungs 'Look—Boozer on the Outside' written full in the middle of your back, and I'll give me an answer back." "D—n the bit of a answer I'll get; but I'll read him, and he shall be—" "What can get me? Why I saw one in your mouth this moment." "And is it, dad' you saw it?" "Why, I did, and by going your house a sixpence out of my dirty mouth?" "Well, then I'll be after doing it." "All good luck and success you know! I has your mother any more of ye?"

"The dandy of the company, however, was lately honored by a female wit: "God bless your house, your guy you no one can." "I never saw a coxa—I have heard of the cocoa."

A CHURCH YARD DIALOGUE.—A. An excellent discourse, brother B. Nearly done and wretched.

B. It was indeed. Did you observe how he pronounced the word emphasis.

A. No, I did not, but I thought he gave an admirable picture of the sentence itself.

B. Most excellent. I never heard the word pronounced to such perfection before.

A. And then that appeal to false professors near the close—

B. Yes, very eloquent. I did not like, however, that passage when he reviewed his text.

A. I hope I shall never forget the sermon, I relished it all so greatly.

B. So did I. I felt it deeply. I was only sorry that he should use the rich progress in one of his finest passages.

A. I am sure I did not observe it, and I consider myself somewhat well what he said.

B. I too. I could scarcely hold my head up till he got into that bit of coughing. He has by no means a good delivery.

A. Perhaps he does, but I can gather from his manner he made a pause.

B. No, no. O yes, I make no manner of objection to his saying, now and then to his taking out his watch, or to his using the snuff box, or even to his taking a pinch of snuff, but he should not do it in the middle of a sentence.

A. Brother B. let's may ask so bold a question, are you in the habit of criticising every sermon you hear?

B. Criticise! You mistake my character. I dispose of criticism by contempt.

A. I should think you would profit very little by the weightier portions of the discourse.

B. Those seem you are mistaken. I derive great benefit from contemplating the errors of others. I can say every thing done decently and in order. The remarks of a critic are of no use. I make it a principle to read Scriptures. What are you going—[Prefatorius.

PERSECUTION.—The qualifications for a pickpocket are a little rough, a determined spirit, and a tolerably good set of nerves. These may be known by their gloss in the street; they "don't wear pockets in their breeches" light hats, having long pockets. There is about their countenance an habitual expression of anxiety, and a restless eye forward, lest as if on some object of business; it is a rule with them never to look behind them. They are also said to confine for a moment their step into some court or alley, where they are not likely to be observed, and then to look down a cross street, when they start off in the same direction as they were going before. This is to get rid the quicker of any person who may have observed them. In any occasion, hints in the street, unless in a procession, or at exhibitions, when there is a crowd, they never trip. To these qualifications they unite a quick sight and a sort of science which they call "the touch," and of the young some means to examine it themselves, until the art is gone. They can open the pocket of a fashionable coat without being observed by any person, they will be heard to say, no push shops," when a man is about to be robbed.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—Fowler, a dark boy Miss. Carroway Lane, the property of Mr. J. ——, Argyle street, Birmingham, has been missing for some days, and was last seen in company with a boy named Hall. The dirty shirt against, scarcely speak; always, sore-footed, short, thereby, sandy hair, and pug nose; had on when he left home a fustian jacket, with a small star and tape across sealed, shoulder seams, and corduroy trousers, with a patch on the left knee; by trade a tinman, and has been employed by Mr. Hall, of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, and Mr. Hall, of Birmingham, as a tinman. Whoever will give information to the father of the boy, at the above address, where he may be found, so that he may be had again, shall be handsomely rewarded. Hall is about 5 feet 6 inches high, stout made, has a fresh complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes; had on when he left home a dark jacket, dark waistcoat, and dark trousers, and is a tinman by trade